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WIFE AND I.

She who sleeps upon my heart
Was the first to win it;
She who dreams upon my breast
Ever reigns within it;
She who kisses off my lips
Wakes the warmest blessing;
She who rests within my arms
Feels their closest pressing.

Other days than these shall come
Days that may be dreary;
Other hours shall greet us yet,
Hours that may be weary;
Still this heart shall be thy home,
Still this breast thy pillow,
Still these lips meet thine as soft
Billow meeteth billow.

Sleep, then, on my happy heart,
Since thy love hath won it;
Dream, then, on my loyal breast
None but thou hath done it;
And when age our bloom shall change
With its wintry weather,
May we in the self-same grave
Sleep and dream together.

"One Little Indian."

On a beach, not a reservation; an affair of love, not a war; a story, not a song.

The affair began with an aversion on both sides; they do sometimes.

The first time that he saw her he thought to himself:

"And it was for this quiet, little, brown nondescript girl that I gave up my trip to the Adirondacks, and hurried down here at Rob Sherwood's entreaty 'to come and be fascinated.' These were the words of his letter—and he knows that I affect blondes. Pshaw, I'd as lieve make myself agreeable to a squaw!"

And Phil Farnham puffed out his chagrin and cigar smoke together, as he paced the piazza to and fro.

She looked all over him at a glance, when introduced, and thought to herself:

"And this is the man I have idolized in my imagination as a Launcelot among men? Rob said he was elegant. Why, he's old, and ugly, and unmannerly! Ugh!"

And a shudder of disgust ran through the slender figure as she turned away after the few words following the introduction. It looked a promising beginning, certainly, to the parties who felt an interest in the affair.

"Old and ugly, and unmannerly," was the verdict, given decidedly, by Rhoda to her aunt and cousin Maud, who a little curiously awaited her opinion. She was taking down her hair for the night, and stood in Maud's room before the glass as she spoke; and to see her fling the great, heavy braids back, one would think they had in some way conspired toward destroying her illusion of the Knight Launcelot.

"Why, Rhoda! He isn't thirty yet; and although he is not handsome, to be sure, he is not as hideous as you wish to make him out; and as for 'unmannerly,' Phil Farnham is a gentleman." And Maud, who thought Phil next to her lover and brother, the most elegant of men, was a trifle indignant at Rhoda's criticism.

"He must be a sort of a wizard, I fancy; he appears to have charmed you all. For my part, I can see neither youth, beauty or grace in the red whiskered gentleman. But peace to his ashes! He may continue to smoke unmolested by me during his stay here. Don't ask me talk to him, for I shan't be civil, I know. I've taken an intense dislike to the man."

And with these words Rhoda flitted through the door leading to her room with an affected shudder that would have done credit to a first-class actress.

"What on earth does she mean, mamma, and what shall we do about it? She must not be rude to Rob's friend!" cried Maud.

"Let her go; it is only another of her freaks," replied Mrs. Sherwood, shrugging her shoulders.

Rhoda Brent had some very peculiar traits. Her aunt said she was all oddities, and very little like the Brents, by which, of course, she meant she was not a bit like her mother's people, or her. Rhoda was Mr. Sherwood's ward and Mrs. Sherwood's niece, and as her aunt was desirous of seeing her well married and off her hands, now that she was well educated and out of school, she had manœuvered skillfully to get Phil Farnham down to the beach that summer, in order to throw the two together. The first move in her little game, however, promised anything but a victorious close.

Rhoda had been a trial to her aunt ever since she had had her in charge. Maud, now, was totally different. She did just what was expected of her, and had therefore very properly fallen in love with the man her mother had selected and now, duly engaged, was only waiting the coming autumn in which to marry and take her tour abroad, according to the usual manner of girls in her set. Rhoda, on the contrary, did nothing any one expected of her. She had refused, point blank, two splendid offers, both of which her aunt approved and urged—and as matters looked now, she was in a fair way to avert, at least, a third. Mrs. Sherwood consulted her son not long after, and the two concluded they would try new tactics.

"She is just like all the Brents—contrary and wilful," said Mrs. Sherwood, with a sigh.

"Very well, mother—we can do the same. Now I propose a new method. If you are determined to marry Rhoda off to somebody, Phil Farnham is just the fellow—only he doesn't admire brunettes you see; but you have talked too much about Phil to her—in his favor, I mean. Try the rule by contraries. Instead of praising him talk him down. Make her fall in love out of sheer contrariety. Arouse her pique, enlist her sympathy, and she will be dead in love with the object before the summer is over. He isn't behind her in obstinacy, either—but you manage her and leave him to me."

There was very little said about Mr. Farnham after that, and as he was very rarely in the house, being out in his yacht or off fishing most of the time, she was not annoyed by his presence or his intentions. It puzzled her after awhile, and she wondered how Phil Farnham came to be called "fascinating and a winner of hearts," when she had not seen any attempt of his to make himself agreeable to any one. She asked Rob about him one day when they were coming up from the bath.

"I thought you told me Mr. Farnham was a ladies' man," said she. "Why, he hasn't spoken to one since he's been here."

"Oh, that's because he's so dreadfully fastidious," carelessly replied Rob. "He says there isn't a pretty girl at the house. You know he affects the blonde style of beauty. He declares he feels as though he was in a wigwam when he looks down the table and sees all those dark faces. Why, he calls all brunettes 'squaws.' Ha, Ha!" and Rob laughed heartily.

Rhoda did not enjoy the joke. She walked a little quicker, a vivid blush flush flaming up into her dark cheeks and answered her cousin sharply.

"The cool insolence of these red whiskered 'pale faces' is refreshing—a little dash of the Indian would improve Mr. Farnham's manners, as well as appearance. 'Squaws,' indeed."

"Yes, I think so too, Rhoda. I was provoked at him, for I wanted him to like you, and he doesn't"

"He doesn't? Pray how can he judge. I am sure he hasn't spoken a word to me since the evening of his arrival."

"Well Rhoda, I wouldn't have much to say to him if I were you, if he gives you a chance. But he won't, for he declares he never troubles himself to pay attentions where he does not admire. There he is now. Let's turn off this road."

And Rob made an attempt to take the next path, but Rhoda outflanked him, and walked boldly by the enemy, flashing out a bright, defiant glance from beneath her long jetty lashes as she bowed good morning. Rob whistled softly to himself and laughed again, but inaudibly.

"That little cousin of yours has a fine pair of eyes, Rob," yawned Phil Farnham lazily, from the depths of his hammock out on the lawn, where he and Rob were taking a siesta that afternoon.

"Yes, but you needn't expect to receive any admiring glances from them, Phil; she will never take the trouble to make herself agreeable to a man who wears them. She calls you 'Dundreary;'" and Rob laughed merrily to himself.

The hammock swung to and fro so rapidly now that it threatened to overthrow it occupant, and the volume of smoke that issued therefrom looked very much as though there might be a raging fire within its depths somewhere.

"I say, Rob, let's look in at the hop to-night," said the voice in the hammock, after a long silence. "I believe I'd like a waltz or two."

"Certainly—I'm willing, but I didn't thing there was any one here you would care to waltz with. Oh, I forgot, Miss Merton arrived here to-day and will make her *debut* in our rooms this evening. How wild you were over her blonde beauty last winter."

"Um? Yes, very fair and stately. Well, I'll meet you there to-night—we'll make our *debut*, too, in full dress—red whiskers and all," *sotto voce*.

Rhoda was radiant that evening. She lighted up well, and in a wonderful buff and scarlet combination of silk, lace and flowers, the pretty little, lithe, dark figure swayed in the waltz and whirled in the galop like some tropical bird. She danced divinely, and loved the waltz with girlish fervor. Therefore she did not refuse Mr. Farnham "the pleasure" when he came toward her early in the evening and begged the honor of her hand. She discovered at a glance that he waltzed like a "god;" and, as she often declared, she would dance with a chimney sweep if he could glide with her step, she did not refuse him once after.

Somehow, it must have been for the same reason of course, Phil Farnham waltzed oftener with her than with any other lady in the room; and in spite of his predilection for blondes, brunettes appeared in the ascendant that evening, and the fair debutante, Miss Merton, paled and languished with jealousy as she noticed the attention—nay, devotion—that "little, dark Miss Brent" was receiving from her preux chevalier of last winter.

"I never thought Phil Farnham anything of a flirt before," said Mrs. Sherwood, the next morning, as the girls sat in her room talking over the hop; "but I must confess he disappointed me. He isn't the kind of a man that I took him to be. Now last winter he was devotion itself to Millie Merton—and last night he scarcely noticed her. There was no reason for his non-attention either, for I could see that she was chagrined at his neglect. Somehow, I don't like Phil as well as I used to. He is changed," and Mrs. Sherwood shook her head and sighed.

"Perhaps it is his taste only that has changed, and he preferres brunettes to blondes now," answered Rhoda, smiling to herself silly, as she recalled Rob's words, and contrasted them with Phil's manners the night before.

"No, not that altogether. I know he don't admire dark women. I mean the whole character seems to have changed. He is reserved—not as pleasant or agreeable as he used to be—critical and satirical; and Rob says he is growing into a sort of woman hater, declares he will never marry, because he can never love one of the 'women of to-day.' So don't fall in love with him, Rhoda."

"Won't marry because he couldn't love one of the 'women of to-day?' I suppose any one of them stands ready to fall into his arms at his asking! You needn't warn me, auntie, I dislike the man," was Rhoda's sharp retort.

"Well, I'm sure Phil is a nice enough fellow, but I never should want to marry him, said Maud. "I'm like you, Rhoda; I couldn't stand a pair of red whiskers and mustache close to my lips!" and Maud shuddered very much as Rhoda had done a few days before.

"Mr. Farnham's whiskers are not—really—red. Do you think so, Maud? I should call them more of a blonde brown," replied Rhoda, not noticing the sly glances Maud exchanged with her mother at this sudden change of opinion in one who had colored the red whiskers and moustache herself not ten days ago.

"Farnham's an odd fellow," exclaimed Rob, who had come into the room just as Rhoda had pronounced Mr. Farnham's whiskers brown. "I've been trying to get him enthusiastic over our masquerade, and he won't even say he will stay until the night of the ball. He's tired of the beach. Now, Rhoda, if you were only a blonde, you might have smitten him with your charms; and through you I might have persuaded him to remain. I don't know, however, that I wish he liked you, for——"

"For what?" interrupted Rhoda, quickly.

"Oh, you'd never suit one another, that's all. But I needn't bother myself. He doesn't admire squaws, and you hate red whiskers; so there isn't the least danger of your fancying one another."

"Well, Miss Merton is here. She's a pale-faced blonde, I'm sure. Can't you persuade Mr. Farnham to stay through her, pray?"

"No; he's tired of the beach and everybody here, he says. So I suppose he will go."

But Mr. Farnham did stay to the masquerade, notwithstanding it was postponed a week later than at first designed, and much beyond his proposed time of departure. In that time, too, he paid such marked attention to little, dark Miss Brent, that large, pale Miss Eerton was shocked at the perversity of men's tastes and everybody quite astonished at the turn affairs had taken.

Everybody, at least, but Rob Sherwood and his mother.

The ball was a success. Phil Farnham looked really very well in his costume, which he copied as accurately after Southern's as he could, and with his "blonde brown" whiskers, quite the cut, and a few alterations in his expression with paint and pencil, he made a very presentable "Dundreary." The usual number of steoreotyped flower girls, queens, knights and peasants crowded the floor; but the prettiest dancer in the room was one little Indian. "Minnehaha" she called herself. The costume was pretty and unique. Decked off with a profusion of bright beads and feathers, gaily ornamented moccasin slippers, and the long, heavy plaits of black hair hanging far below the owner's waist, altogether it was a charming, if not an entirely accurate study of an Indian girl.

"I think I recognize these, sweet Minnehaha," whispered "Dundreary," taking up one of the braids as he spoke, and drawing the little brown hand through his arm for a promenade.

"Do not be too sure," said the maiden in a low tone. "As you pale faces are wont to call all dark maidens "squaws" I should think it would be a difficult matter to pick out one individually in this assembly."

"If this one little Indian were less charming and agreeable in her manner toward me, I might individualize still closer, perhaps, and whisper her true name, only the lady whose eyes shine behind that mask hates "red whiskers," and would never trouble herself to talk to a stupid Dundreary!"

"Did Robert Sherwood tell you that?" The mask was torn off now, and stepping out of the crowded room into the wide piazza, Rhoda Brent's flashing eyes looked up into Philip Farnham's face demanding an answer.

"Confidence for confidence. Did Robert Sherwood tell you I called all dark women 'squaws?'"

Then they both laughed in each other's eyes, and the moon shone down brightly upon them, the sea softly murmured to them; and the summer night stars twinkled merrily over their heads.

The "affair" was settled amicably between them there; and when, an hour later, Rob Sherwood stepped out into the piazza in quest of his cousin and his friend, and beheld, in the shadowy moonlight, Minnehaha's dark tresses half hid behind Lord Dundreary's red whiskers, he came up to them with a quizzical smile upon his lips and whistled a bar of the "Ten Little Indians."

"Robert Sherwood, your cousin Rhoda Brent has promised to be my wife. In spite of the pains you seem to have taken to prevent our liking one another, you see we do, and I hope we have your good wishes."

"Ah?" cried Robert, starting back in mock surprise, and recklessly quoting in a melodramatic tone:

Phil—Bring not to thy lodge a strange squaw
From the land of the Dacotas.
There are feuds.

Here he looked sternly at Rhoda.

Phil laughed, and taking Rhoda's hand in his replied as dramatically:

For that reason, if no oth r,
Would I wed the fair Dacota
That old feuds may be forgotten,
And old wounds be healed forever?
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing-Water,
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha.

Rob continued to quote; then Rhoda, "nothing willing nor reluctant," putting her hands into Phil's with a blush and a smile, said:

"I will follow you, my husband."

All the people at the beach—save Miss Merton, thought it a very good match; and some declared they had predicted it from the first day. Mrs. Sherwood and son congratulated themselves upon the success of their well laid plans, but Rhoda or Phil never dreamed that they had been made to fall in love with one another out of sheer contrariness or pique.

In spite of the chagrin he felt at first, when giving up his trip to the Adirondacks, he had come down to the beach to be introduced to a "plain, little, nondescript girl," Phil Farnham never regretted having done so. And, although he is still a profound admirer of the blonde style of beauty there is no woman in the world so dear to him as his "One Little Indian."

Employers and Working Men.

Difficulties between employers and working men would be less frequent, says the *American Manufacturer*, were their intercourse more conciliatory, and were each to realize that seeming inequalities are but surface appearances; and that the best interests of the one can only be secured in the protection and welfare of the other. Governed by such dispositions and opinions, irreconcilable differences could scarcely arise, because each would take a fair view of the rights and obligations of the other, and willingly make the concessions required by justice and kindness. A reasonable amount of information, derived from observation and reading, is a pre-requisite qualification, and is always found wanting, on one side or the other, where jars and contentions disturb the harmony essential to these relations. Admitting this qualification to be possessed by employers, a further duty devolves upon them, of insisting that their workmen shall possess it also. Men utterly illiterate, who can neither read nor write, cannot possess the self respect and ambition needed to form skilled mechanics, neither can they be sufficiently enlightened to comprehend their rights and duties, to know when they are well treated, or to understand the fluctuations in business which justify the rise and fall of wages. It is therefore a duty of employers to employ none but persons sober, moral, diligent, and accustomed to reflect—men with whom they can sit down and reason—who can understand just conclusions, and feel the overruling propriety of abiding by them. Where large establishments are organized on these principles, the business moves on with contentment on both sides—each respects the rights of the other—misunderstandings are quietly settled without strikes, and peace and mutual goodwill reign as in well regulated families. Where the instrumentalities of labor are organized, with intelligence and integrity of employers, and with workmen suitably cultivated for respectable American citizenship, the most desirable consequences may be reasonably hoped for: 1. Superior safety of capital in enlightened hands. 2. Economy of time and labor when conscientiously employed. 3. Economy in the use of stock and materials manipulated by instructed men of good principles. 4. For the same reason, the best results may be looked for as to quality and quantity of products. 5. Interests of customers and consumers are better subserved with fabrics made upon honor. 6. Ignorance is the generator of crime and vice, producing the worst consequences where it prevails. 7. The safety of society can only be conservated by enlightened citizens, and are jeopardized by the malignancy growing out of general ignorance. 8. It is impossible to overestimate the social value of making workmen good and useful citizens. 9. So to elevate a large class, gives stability to schools and institutions for moral and intellectual culture. 10. Working men constitute a large majority of our people, and whatever lifts them up in the social scale is important to the whole community. 11. In numerous eastern cities and towns, the benign efforts of cultivating the industrial class are visible in good order and the general moral tone of society. 12. It is, manifestly, a primary duty of employers, to themselves and to society, to give preference to workmen of intelligence and morality; where such qualities are uniformly preferred, those who possess them not will strive to attain them, and they will form an essential qualification in preparing youths for employment.

There are many things a man can run away from—an impending suit, his creditors, his family, his duties. But no man ever yet succeeded in running away from himself.

Literary Reserve.—The Brontes.

The highest power of reserve which was ever concentrated in any human life whose outlines were well known to us, was that under the steady stress of which Emily Bronte's short career was passed. She, like her sisters, lived with a father of whom they were afraid, amid wild and gloomy moors, where they had no companions but themselves, yet, unlike her sisters, she could hardly tell even to them the imaginations of her own heart. We are told how hopeless her efforts proved to enter into anything like the ordinary intercourse with her fellow creatures—how again and again she returned home after efforts to gain her own bread, which failed solely from her complete failure to open easy relations with her kind—how in her last illness she would not admit even to her sisters her illness till within two hours of her death, but then whispered faintly, "If you will send for a doctor I will see him now," when she was almost in the agonies of death. In Emily Bronte the restraining power of reserve assuredly amounted to something very near mental disease. Yet what a wonderful force it gave to her genius! Highly as Mr. Reid, her late biographer, appreciates "Wuthering Heights," he almost makes one laugh at him, as if he were thoroughly unable to appreciate it, when he compares it even for a moment with such trash as Lord Lytton's "Strange Story." The passages he quoted, for instance, from "Wuthering Heights," as to the way in which Catherine's image haunted Heathcliff after her death, is, when compared with anything Lord Lytton ever achieved, like a stroke of lightning to the glimmer of a rush-light. There is more concentrated power in that weird, wild tale, not merely than in all the pinchbeck novels Lord Lytton ever wrote (which is saying nothing), but than in any single story ever known to us in the English language. The capacity for expressing imaginative intensity surpasses to our mind any achievments in the same space in the whole of our prose literature. We should rank "Wuthering Heights"—eccentric and lurid as it is—as an effort of genius far above not only "Villette," which seems to us Charlotte Bronte's greatest effort, but "The Bride of Lammermoor," which is the nearest thing to it in Sir Walter Scott's imaginative writings. In "Wuthering Heights," the concentrated power of a great imagination gave one brilliant flash and disappeared. No doubt the repressive force of Emily Bronte's reserve was something like a disease, but it had the effect of storing imaginative power as nothing else in the world could have stored it, and no one who reads all that is told of her could suppose for a moment that had her reserve been less than it was, we should ever have had that one great flash of genius. Doubtless she would have been broader, happier, in many respects a truer woman than she was, if she had had more communication with her kind, but her genius would hardly have affected any one thing so great; she might have been far wider; she could not have been so intense; she would never have gazed so deeply into those evil eyes of Heathcliff's—eyes seen only in her reveries and never in real life—which she so finely describes as "the cloudy windows of hell," if she had not stored up all the elastic force of her reverie into that one single creative effort. And so with Charlotte Bronte's genius; it certainly reached its acme when her life was at its loneliest, when she was robbed of the sympathy of both of her sisters. "Villette" is almost as much greater than "Shirley" or "Jane Eyre" as "The Bride of Lammarmoor," written in pain and under stress of illness, was greater than "Ivanhoe" or "Kenilworth."—*Spectator.*

Old Greek Athletics.

There is no doubt that among the Greeks the pursuit of high muscular condition was associated with that of health, and that hygiene and physical training were soon discovered to be closely allied. Thus Herodictus, a trainer, who was also an invalid, was said to have discovered from his own case the method of treating disease by careful diet and regimen, and to have thus contributed to the advancement of Greek medicine. Pausanias also mentions (vi. 3, 9) the case of a certain Hysmon, an Elean, who, when a boy, had rheumatism in his muscles, and on this account practiced for the pentathlon that he might become a healthy and sound man. His training made him not only sound, but a celebrated victor. It would be very interesting to know in detail what rules the Greeks prescribed for this purpose. Pausanias tells us (vi. 7, 9) that a certain Dromeus, who won ten victories in long races at various games (about Ol. 74) was the first who thought of eating meat in his training, for that up to that time the diet of athletes had been cheese from wicket baskets. It must be remembered that meat diet was not common among the Greks, who, like most southern people, lived rather upon fish, fruit and vegetables, so that the meat dinners of Bœotia were censured as heavy and rather disgusting. However, the discovery of Dromeus was adopted by Greek athletes ever after, and we hear of their compulsory meals of large quantities of meat, and their consequent sleepiness and sluggishness in ordinary life, in such a way as to make us believe that the Greeks had missed the real secret of training and actually thought that the more strong nutriment a man could absorb the stronger he would become. The quantity eaten by athletes is universally spoken of as far exceeding the quantity eaten by ordinary men, not considering its heavier quality. Our suspicion that, in consequence, Greek athletic performances were not greater, if even equal, to our own, is, however, hard to verify, as we are without any information as to the time in which their running feats were performed. They had no watches, or nice measures of short subdivisions of time, and always ran races only to see who would win, not to see in how short a time a given distance could be done. Nevertheless, as the course was over soft sand, and as the vases picture them rushing along in spread eagle fashion, with their arms like the sails of a windmill—in order to aid the motion of their bodies, as the Germans explain (after Philostratos)—way, as we even hear of their having started shouting, if we can believe such a thing, their time performances in running must have been decidedly poor. In the Olympic games the running, which had originality been the only competition, always came first. The short race was once up the course, and seems to have been about 125 yards. About the year 720 B. C., races of double the course, and long races of about 3,000 yards, were added; races in armor were a later addition, and came at the end of the sports. It is remarkable that among all these varieties hurdle races were unknown, though jumping was assigned a special place, and thought very important. We have several remarkable anecdotes of endurance in running long journeys cited throughout Greek history, and even now the modern inhabitants are remarkable for this quality. I have seen a young man keep up with a horse ridden at a good pace across rough country for many miles, and have been told that the Greek postmen are quite wonderful in their speed and endurance. But this is compatible with very poor performances at prize meetings. There were short races for boys at Olympia of half the length. Eighteen years was beyond the limit of age for competing, as a story in Pausanias implies, and a boy who won at the age of twelve was thought wonderfully young. The same authority tells us of a man who won the short race at four successive meetings, thus keeping up his pace for sixteen years—a remarkable case. There seems to have been no second prize in any of the historical games, a natural consequence of the abolition of material rewards. There was, of course, a good deal of chance in the course of the contest, and Pausanias evidently knew cases where the winner was not the best man. For example, the races were run in heats of four, and if there was an odd man over, the owner of the last lot drawn could sit down till the winners of the heats came together, and run against them without any previous fatigue. The limitation of each heat of four competitors arose, I fancy, from their not wearing colors, (or even clothes) and so not being easily distinguishable. They were accordingly walked into the arena through an underground passage in the raised side of the stadium, and the name and country of each proclaimed in order by a herald. This practice is accurately copied in the present Olympic games held at Athens every four years.—*Macmillan.*

"I ust Ye."

Two centuries ago it was thought an insult, in the Highlands of Scotland, to ask a note from a debtor. It was considered the same thing as saying, "I doubt your honor." If parties had business matters to transact, they stepped in the air, fixed their eyes on the heavens, and each repeated the obligation with no moral witness. A mark was then carved upon some rock or tree near by, as a remembrance of the compact. Such a thing as a breach of contract was almost unknown, so highly did the people regard their honor. When the march of improvements brought the new mode of doing business, they were often pained by the innovations. An anecdote is handed down of a farmer who had been in the Lowlands and learned worldly wisdom. On returning to his native parish he had need of a sum of money, and made bold to ask a loan of a gentleman of means named Stewart. This was kindly granted, and Mr. Stewart counted out the gold. This done the farmer wrote a receipt and offered it to Mr. Stewart.

"What is this, man?" cried Mr. Stewart, eyeing a slip of paper.

"It is a receipt, sir, binding me to give ye back yer gold at the right time," replied Sandy.

"Binding ye? Well, my man, if ye cannot trust yersel', I'm sure I'll no trust ye;" and gathering it up, he put it back in his desk and turned his key on it.

"But, sir, I might die," replied the canny Scotchman, bringing up an argument in favor of his new wisdom, "and perhaps my sons may refuse it ye; but the bit of paper would compel them to pay it."

"Compel them to sustain a dead father's honor!" cried the Celt. "They will need compelling to do right, if this is the road ye're leading them. Ye can gang elsewhere for money; but ye'll find nane in the parish that'll put more faith in a bit o' paper than in a neighbor's word of honor and his fear o' God."

We have more indolence in the mind than in the body.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Forgive any, sooner than thyself.

Soon or late love is his own avenger.—*Byron.*

At every birth a funeral is announced.

Eternity, thou pleasing, dreadful thought.—*Addison.*

The man that makes a character makes foes.—*Young.*

A wolf is a wolf even if he has not yet devoured any sheep.

A pleasant deed done in a pleasant way carries double satisfaction.

Pride is increased by ignorance; those assume the most who know the least.—*Gay.*

More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of human pity that will not forsake us.

Republics come to an end by luxurious habits; monarchies by poverty.—*Montesquieu.*

A large portion of the men of genius squander their money; the other portion never have any.

The pastor who can lead others to work multiplies himself, is not one man, but a dozen, a hundred.

In Africa a breed of sober minded dogs without tails has been discovered. There isn't a wag among them.

Whatever discoveries one may have made in the domain of self-love, there still remains much territory unexplored.

Mind may act upon mind though bodies be far divided; for the life is in the blood; but souls communicate unseen.

Some people's "No" is pleasanter than the grouty "Yes" which is sometimes snapped out in answer to a request.

In prosperity we should not forget our poor relations or acquaintances, but should ask after them and help them. Gen. xliii: 27.

Man has here two and a half minutes—one to smile, one to sigh, and half a one to love; for in the midst of this minute he dies.

Want of prudence is too frequently the want of virtue; nor is there on earth a more powerful advocate for vice than poverty.—*Goldsmith.*

The gold used by jewelers is always alloyed with certain proportions of pure silver, and the finest copper, according to the quality desired.

True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you would love to be treated yourself.—*Chesterfield.*

Many people, after once they become learned, cease to be good; all other knowledge is hurtful to him who has not the science of honesty and good nature.

In Switzerland, the law compels every newly-married couple to plant six trees immediately after the marriage ceremony, and two on the birth of each child.

Never let a man imagine that he can pursue a good end by evil means without sinning against his own soul. Any other issue may be doubtful; the effect on himself is certain.

Save the soot that falls from the chimneys when they are cleaned. A pint of soot to a pailful of water will make a liquid manure of the greatest value for flower beds and plants of all kinds.

Wisdom is the means by which the wise thoroughly evince their gratitude towards their Creator; by which they become His true worshippers during life, and obtain a good name after death.

He that speaketh against his own reason speaks against his own conscience; and therefore it is certain no man serves God with a good conscience who serves him against his reason.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

The heavens are a print from the pen of God's perfection; the world is a bud from the power of His beauty; the sun is a spark from the light of God's wisdom, and the sky is a bubble on the sea of His power.

Conscience is a clock, which in one man strikes aloud and gives warning, in another the hand points silently to the figure but strikes not; meantime, hours pass away, and death hastens, and after death comes judgment.

We should not be too hasty in bestowing either our praise or our censure on mankind, since we shall often find such a mixture of good and evil in the same character that it may require a very accurate judgment and a very elaborate inquiry to determine on which side the balance turns.—*Fielding.*

No trait of character is more valuable than the possession of a good temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like flowers springing up in our pathway reviving and cheering us. Kind words and looks are the outward demonstrations; patience and forbearance are the sentiments within.

General notions about sin and salvation can do you no good in the way of the blessed life. As in a journey, you must see milestone after milestone fall into your rear, otherwise you remain stationary; so, in the grand march of a noble life, one paltriness after another must disappear or you have lost your chance.

To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue and knowledge to knowledge, carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man.—*Addison.*

Not long before the death of Frederick the Great several of his ministers came to him as usual. "I have not closed my eyes all night," said the king, "and in the morning, when I feel disposed to sleep, I am obliged to attend to business." "Your Majesty," replied Garz, "might surely have indulged yourself." "What!" rejoined the king, looking steadfastly at him, "do you suppose I am paid by the state to do nothing?"

Charity is the greatest of virtues. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." This would seem paradoxical, and yet it is found in the Book of books. "God loveth a cheerful giver." "It is more blessed to give than to receive." This, too, is the teaching of the holy writ. "Whatsoever measure you mete, it shall be meted to you again." Think of it, O man, and be generous to your fellow.